

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

A square is Twelve lines of this size type—
equal to about 100 words of manuscript.

	Square	2 Squares	3 Squares	4 Squares	5 Squares	6 Squares	7 Squares	8 Squares	9 Squares	10 Squares	11 Squares	12 Squares	13 Squares	14 Squares	15 Squares	16 Squares	17 Squares	18 Squares	19 Squares	20 Squares	21 Squares	22 Squares	23 Squares	24 Squares	25 Squares	26 Squares	27 Squares	28 Squares	29 Squares	30 Squares	31 Squares	32 Squares	33 Squares	34 Squares	35 Squares	36 Squares	37 Squares	38 Squares	39 Squares	40 Squares	41 Squares	42 Squares	43 Squares	44 Squares	45 Squares	46 Squares	47 Squares	48 Squares	49 Squares	50 Squares																																																																																			
1 Insertion	\$1.00	\$1.75	\$2.50	\$3.25	\$4.00	\$4.75	\$5.50	\$6.25	\$7.00	\$7.75	\$8.50	\$9.25	\$10.00	\$10.75	\$11.50	\$12.25	\$13.00	\$13.75	\$14.50	\$15.25	\$16.00	\$16.75	\$17.50	\$18.25	\$19.00	\$19.75	\$20.50	\$21.25	\$22.00	\$22.75	\$23.50	\$24.25	\$25.00	\$25.75	\$26.50	\$27.25	\$28.00	\$28.75	\$29.50	\$30.25	\$31.00	\$31.75	\$32.50	\$33.25	\$34.00	\$34.75	\$35.50	\$36.25	\$37.00	\$37.75	\$38.50	\$39.25	\$40.00	\$40.75	\$41.50	\$42.25	\$43.00	\$43.75	\$44.50	\$45.25	\$46.00	\$46.75	\$47.50	\$48.25	\$49.00	\$49.75	\$50.50	\$51.25	\$52.00	\$52.75	\$53.50	\$54.25	\$55.00	\$55.75	\$56.50	\$57.25	\$58.00	\$58.75	\$59.50	\$60.25	\$61.00	\$61.75	\$62.50	\$63.25	\$64.00	\$64.75	\$65.50	\$66.25	\$67.00	\$67.75	\$68.50	\$69.25	\$70.00	\$70.75	\$71.50	\$72.25	\$73.00	\$73.75	\$74.50	\$75.25	\$76.00	\$76.75	\$77.50	\$78.25	\$79.00	\$79.75	\$80.50	\$81.25	\$82.00	\$82.75	\$83.50	\$84.25	\$85.00	\$85.75	\$86.50	\$87.25	\$88.00	\$88.75	\$89.50	\$90.25	\$91.00	\$91.75	\$92.50	\$93.25	\$94.00	\$94.75	\$95.50	\$96.25	\$97.00	\$97.75	\$98.50	\$99.25	\$100.00
2 Insertions	1.50	2.50	3.50	4.50	5.50	6.50	7.50	8.50	9.50	10.50	11.50	12.50	13.50	14.50	15.50	16.50	17.50	18.50	19.50	20.50	21.50	22.50	23.50	24.50	25.50	26.50	27.50	28.50	29.50	30.50	31.50	32.50	33.50	34.50	35.50	36.50	37.50	38.50	39.50	40.50	41.50	42.50	43.50	44.50	45.50	46.50	47.50	48.50	49.50	50.50	51.50	52.50	53.50	54.50	55.50	56.50	57.50	58.50	59.50	60.50	61.50	62.50	63.50	64.50	65.50	66.50	67.50	68.50	69.50	70.50	71.50	72.50	73.50	74.50	75.50	76.50	77.50	78.50	79.50	80.50	81.50	82.50	83.50	84.50	85.50	86.50	87.50	88.50	89.50	90.50	91.50	92.50	93.50	94.50	95.50	96.50	97.50	98.50	99.50	100.00																																	
3 Insertions	2.00	3.00	4.00	5.00	6.00	7.00	8.00	9.00	10.00	11.00	12.00	13.00	14.00	15.00	16.00	17.00	18.00	19.00	20.00	21.00	22.00	23.00	24.00	25.00	26.00	27.00	28.00	29.00	30.00	31.00	32.00	33.00	34.00	35.00	36.00	37.00	38.00	39.00	40.00	41.00	42.00	43.00	44.00	45.00	46.00	47.00	48.00	49.00	50.00	51.00	52.00	53.00	54.00	55.00	56.00	57.00	58.00	59.00	60.00	61.00	62.00	63.00	64.00	65.00	66.00	67.00	68.00	69.00	70.00	71.00	72.00	73.00	74.00	75.00	76.00	77.00	78.00	79.00	80.00	81.00	82.00	83.00	84.00	85.00	86.00	87.00	88.00	89.00	90.00	91.00	92.00	93.00	94.00	95.00	96.00	97.00	98.00	99.00	100.00																																		
One Month	2.50	3.50	5.00	6.50	8.00	9.50	11.00	12.50	14.00	15.50	17.00	18.50	20.00	21.50	23.00	24.50	26.00	27.50	29.00	30.50	32.00	33.50	35.00	36.50	38.00	39.50	41.00	42.50	44.00	45.50	47.00	48.50	50.00	51.50	53.00	54.50	56.00	57.50	59.00	60.50	62.00	63.50	65.00	66.50	68.00	69.50	71.00	72.50	74.00	75.50	77.00	78.50	80.00	81.50	83.00	84.50	86.00	87.50	89.00	90.50	92.00	93.50	95.00	96.50	98.00	99.50	100.00																																																																		
Two Months	4.00	6.00	8.00	10.00	12.00	14.00	16.00	18.00	20.00	22.00	24.00	26.00	28.00	30.00	32.00	34.00	36.00	38.00	40.00	42.00	44.00	46.00	48.00	50.00	52.00	54.00	56.00	58.00	60.00	62.00	64.00	66.00	68.00	70.00	72.00	74.00	76.00	78.00	80.00	82.00	84.00	86.00	88.00	90.00	92.00	94.00	96.00	98.00	100.00																																																																																				
Three Months	5.00	7.50	10.00	12.50	15.00	17.50	20.00	22.50	25.00	27.50	30.00	32.50	35.00	37.50	40.00	42.50	45.00	47.50	50.00	52.50	55.00	57.50	60.00	62.50	65.00	67.50	70.00	72.50	75.00	77.50	80.00	82.50	85.00	87.50	90.00	92.50	95.00	97.50	100.00																																																																																														
Six Months	7.50	10.00	12.50	15.00	17.50	20.00	22.50	25.00	27.50	30.00	32.50	35.00	37.50	40.00	42.50	45.00	47.50	50.00	52.50	55.00	57.50	60.00	62.50	65.00	67.50	70.00	72.50	75.00	77.50	80.00	82.50	85.00	87.50	90.00	92.50	95.00	97.50	100.00																																																																																															
One Year	10.00	15.00	20.00	25.00	30.00	35.00	40.00	45.00	50.00	55.00	60.00	65.00	70.00	75.00	80.00	85.00	90.00	95.00	100.00																																																																																																																		

For the Bulletin.
Lines to Millie Chase.
When hidden sin gave gloomy sorrow birth,
And maled, in one short hour, a glorious plan,
Three Heaven-born Sisters kindly came to earth,
To bind the broken heart of fallen man.
With him to dwell did Faith and Hope consent:
While love, alas! the thing has grown uncommon—
With better taste, her fairly footsteps bent
Toward the laughing eyes of lovely woman.
But, Ah! the choice tho' kindly meant for peace,
Proved for man's happiness not wholly wise;
For ever since, his torments but increase,
When e'er he looks too long in sparkling eyes.
Therefore, young lady, since the case stands thus,
Would you not thus have fates conspire to treat
me,
Take my advice, your only means is just
To close your winking eyes, dear, when you
meet me.
Maysville, Ky., Nov. 17th, 1863. G—

From the New York Weekly.
Memory's Pencilings.
BY L. AUGUSTUS JONES.
There is a little mound of earth that is most dear
to me,
O'er which there droops most lone and sad,
A weeping willow tree.
No sculptured marble marks the spot; no tomb-
stone white and fair;
But it will never be forgot; my little boy sleeps
there.
I see him as he used to sit, so quiet on my knee;
In thought I hear his prattling voice, his laugh
so full of glee;
I feel his soft hands on my cheek, his kiss upon
my brow,
The same as when he was on earth—but he's not
with me now.
Death's icy hand once touch'd his brow in an un-
timely hour;
And then he calmly sank to rest, like some fair
beauteous flower
That blooms at morn, when unto it the sun and
dew is given;
At eve it folds its tender leaves—its fragrance
floats to Heaven.
I saw him in his coffin laid. One kiss—it was
the last!
And then alone I knelt and prayed—my first
wild grief was past!
I knew that God had taken him to dwell mid
realms of light—
Another star—another gem—to make his crown
more bright.
I saw them lower the coffin down into the cold,
cold ground,
I heard the earth fall on the lid, with dull and
startling sound
Then o'er my senses came a gloom more deep
than darkest night:
I knew that they had hidden him forever from
my sight.
Few years shall pass, ere this frail form shall
slumber by his side;
And my tired spirit meet with his, beyond
"Death's chilling tide."
I'll hail the hour, when from his woes my soul
in Heaven is free,
To say, "Oh, Death, where is thy sting? Oh,
Grave, thy victory!"

Bear with the little Ones.
Children are troublesome, at times, in
asking questions, and should be taught not
to interrupt conversation in company. But,
this resolution being made, we question the
policy of withholding an answer at any
time from the active mind which must find
so many unexplained daily and hourly
mysteries. They who have either learned
to solve these mysteries, or have become
indifferent as to an explanation, are not apt
to look compassionately enough upon this
eager restlessness on the part of children to
penetrate causes and trace effects. By giv-
ing due attention to these "troublesome
questions," a child's trust education may
be carried on. Have a little patience then;
and sometimes think how welcome to you
would be an interpreter, if you were sud-
denly dropped into some foreign country,
where the language was for the most part
unintelligible to you, and you were bursting
with curiosity about every strange object
that met your eye.
What we owe to Lincoln.
When the tax collector comes around
with his warrant; when we have to go and
buy a stamp to put upon a deed, note, &c.,
when we have to take out a license to buy
or sell, when we go to the store and pay
forty cents a pound for coffee instead of tea;
when we look at our public debt and find it
accumulating at the rate of over two mil-
lions of dollars per day; when we look at
our sons and brothers dragged from their
homes to fight in a war they abhor; and
when we look at the vacant chair, or new
made graves of those who have died, let us
remember that all these we owe to Mr. Ab-
raham Lincoln and the party that support
him.
Addison said: "Beauty soon grows fa-
miliar to the lower, fades in the eye and
palls upon the sense." The poet might
have added: "But a true heart and a gentle,
forgiving disposition will grow brighter and
brighter, and more endearing amid the
wrinkles of age."

Lord Brougham's Opinion of America.
The following is a report of Lord Brough-
am's address before the Social Science Con-
gress at Edinburgh, on the 7th inst, so far
as relates to the civil war in America:
"Magnifying itself beyond all measure,
and despising the rest of mankind; blinded
and intoxicated with self-satisfaction, per-
suaded that their very crimes are proofs of
greatness and believing that they are both
admired and envied, the Americans have
not only been content with the destruction
of half a million, but vain of the slaughter.
Their object being to retain a great name
among nations for their extent of territory,
they exulted in the wholesale bloodshed by
which it must be accomplished, because
others are unable to make such a sacrifice.
The struggle for above two years, which
loosened all the bonds that held society to-
gether, and gave to millions the means of
showing their capacity, has produced no ge-
nius, civil or military, while the submission
to every caprice of tyranny has been uni-
versal and habitual, and never interrupted
by a single act of resistance to the most flag-
rant infractions of personal freedom. The
mischiefs of mob supremacy have been
constantly felt, for the calamity of rational
and respectable men keeping aloof from the
management of affairs has resulted in the
tyranny of the multitude. To this tyrant
the nominal rulers have never withheld
their submission, and the press, catering for
the appetites of the populace, and pandering
to their passions, has persisted in every
misrepresentation which might most dis-
guise the truth as to passing events, exag-
gerating each success, extenuating each de-
feat, often describing failure as victory;
while the multitude, if the truth by chance
reached them, were one day sunk in de-
spair, another elated to ecstasy, almost at the
pleasure of their rulers and their guides.
Nor were the falsehoods thus propagated
confined to the events of the war, they ex-
tended to all things—to the measures of
the government and the acts of foreign na-
tions.
The public must not be thwarted, the peo-
ple desired to see whatever gratified their
vanity or raised their spirits, and in this de-
lusion must they live as long as the war
lasts and the rule is in the hands of the
mob. The truth they will never hear, be-
cause they desire to hear what is pleasing,
and not what is true. But it would be a
great mistake to charge on their false guides
the follies and crimes which they commit in
with and do their best to perpetuate. The
people are determined in their course.
Far from feeling shame at the cruel scenes,
which modern ages—nay, Christian times
have seen nothing to equal—a spectacle at
which the world stands aghast, almost to in-
credulity—they actually glory in it as a
proof of their higher nature, believe and
fancy that their prowess would triumph
over the most powerful States of Europe.
In such illusions their chief may not prac-
tically join, but the people are, beyond
doubt, a prey to them, and will continue so
to the end.
"Hear the just law, the judgment of the skies.
They that hate truth shall be the dupes of lies;
And if they will be cheated to the last,
Delusions strong as hell shall bind them fast."

How the Athenians Lost their Liberties.
Secretary Chase, in his speech here, spoke
of his visit West, and that he got rid of his
greenbacks. His words were: "Since I left
Cincinnati I have lost my voice and nearly
all my greenbacks." He does not give the
amount of greenbacks that he 'lost' with
his 'voice' but, according to Addison,
Philip of Macedon used 'greenbacks' in-
stead of his voice to destroy the liberties of
the Athenian people. The people of Athens
not having the advantage of 'common
schools' like the people of Ohio, Chase may
have conceived it necessary to add voice to
greenbacks to make the dose palatable. Ad-
dison, speaking of gold being used to seduce
the people of Athens, says:
"A man who is furnished with arguments
from the mint, will convince his antagonist
much sooner than one who draws them
from reason and philosophy. Gold is a
wonderful clearer of the understanding, it
disappears every doubt and scruple in an in-
stant; accommodates itself to the meanest
capacities; silences the loud and clamorous,
and brings over the most obstinate and in-
flexible. Philip of Macedon refuted by it
all the wisdom of the Republic of Athens,
confounded their statesman, struck their or-
ators dumb, and at length argued them out
of their liberties."
History seems to be repeating itself very
rapidly and unfortunately for our once great
country. Our political opponents now in
power seem to have only studied the very
worst side of it. The saying that "when
the wicked rule the people mourn" origi-
nated from just such history as our rulers are
repeating. Such rulers are "people haters,"
and to hear them mourn is music to their
ears.—[Columbus Crisis.]

An Extraordinary Story.
The Boston Pioneer makes the follow-
ing extraordinary assertion:
"From a reliable source—the most reliable
which can be desired—we learn a fact
which stands without parallel in the history
of republican government and representa-
tion, and which renders it difficult to de-
cide what we ought to be more surprised
at: that it was at all possible, or that it has
not yet become public. The fact of which
we speak is this: Mr. Seward at the time
when the French invasion was in progress,
delivered to the French Minister, Mercier,
from the archives of Washington, all the
plans and maps from the campaign of Gen.
Scott, in order thereby to facilitate the as-
sassination of the Mexican republic. In a
country like Mexico, such plans and maps
have quite a different value, from what
they possess in an open, cultivated, and to-
pographically known territory. They have
the value of a deadly weapon; but even
were they worthless, their surrender would
be an act of low dishonesty, infidelity and
infamy, which no government could commit
without becoming the object of universal
contempt. For such an extraordinary action
there must exist an extraordinary motive.
What can it be?"

Truth a Century Old.
Among Johnson's papers in the *Idler*, we
find one bearing date of November 11, 1758,
which we might well believe was written
yesterday, instead of over a century ago, so
truthfully does it depict the occurrences of
to-day, and so exactly is it adapted to our
present circumstances. Who that reads the
following will fail to discover the fidelity of
the picture the great writer has bequeathed
to posterity, or be at a loss to apply his
criticisms with justice to our own people
and our own sensation news-writers?
To write news in its perfection requires
such a combination of qualities, that a man
completely fitted for the task is not always
to be found. In Sir Henry Wotton's jocular
definition: *An ambassador is said to be a
man of virtue sent abroad to tell lies for the ad-
vantage of his country; a news-writer is a
man without virtue who writes lies at home for
his own profit.* To their composition is re-
quired neither genius nor knowledge, nei-
ther industry nor sprightliness; but con-
temp of shame, and indifference to truth,
are absolutely necessary. He who by a
long familiarity with infamy has obtained
these qualities, may confidently tell to-day
what he intends to contradict to-morrow;
he may affirm fearlessly what he knows he
shall be obliged to recant, and write letters
from Amsterdam or Dresden to himself.
In a time of war the nation is always of
one mind, eager to hear something good of
themselves, and ill of the enemy. At this
time the task of news-writing is easy; they
have nothing to do but to tell that the bat-
tle is expected, and afterwards that a battle
has been fought, in which we and our
friends' whether conquering or conquered,
did all, and our enemies did nothing.
Scarcely anything awakens attention like
a tale of cruelty. The writer of news never
fails in the intermission of action to tell
how the enemy murdered children and rav-
ished virgins; and if the scene of action be
somewhat distant, scalps half the inhabi-
tants of a province.
Among the calamities of war may be
justly numbered the diminution of the love
of truth, by the falsehoods which interest
dictates, and credulity encourages. A peace
will equally level the warriors and relator
of wars destitute of employment; and I
know not whether more is to be dreaded
from streets filled with soldiers accustomed
to plunder, or from garrets filled with
scribblers accustomed to lie.

PROPOSED SALE OF THE EMANCIPATION
PROCLAMATION.—The original Proclamation
of Emancipation is now in this city. It is
to be sold by the managers of the North
Western Fair, for the benefit of the sick
and wounded soldiers. There is dramatic
justice in such an appropriation of it, albeit
the relief it will afford will be but as the
stanching of a single wound in comparison
with the torrents of blood it has caused to
flow. For every letter in its composition
a thousand lives have been offered. For
every sentence, there is to-day desolation
in countless homes scattered across a con-
tinent. Every declaration it embodies is a
record of perjury against its author. Every
pledge it contains is a pledge against the
life of the nation, and a defiant insult to
the memories, sacrifices, and statesmanship
of the illustrious dead who founded the
Government. "Steno's lie" conched in these
worthless lines! Perilous Venice when she
was "Queen of the Adriatic," and centuries
of victory and successful commerce had
filled her palaces with wealth and consoli-
dated her power. A vulgar jester, as
brainless, if not as unprincipled, as Steno,
has perpetrated a slander in this proclama-
tion upon the memories of dead more no-
ble than the wife of Faliero was virtuous
and pure and placed in jeopardy by the act
a Republic with a history more resplendent
and hopes more glorious than ever opened
before the imagination of the most daring
and ambitious Venetian. Then bid for
the proclamation! Bid high! It should at
least bring as much as the household goods
of the late famed Magdalen when exposed
for sale in London. Notoriety is fame, and
the unparalleled infamy of the Proclamation
has at least made it notorious.—[Chicago
Times]

A few words to a Father.
Take your son for a companion whenever
you conveniently can, it will relieve the al-
ready overburdened anxious mother of so
much care. It will gratify the boy; it will
please the mother; it ought to be a pleasure
to you. What mother's eye would not
brighten when her child is kindly cared for?
And when his eye kindles, heart beats,
and his tongue prattles faster and faster
with the idea of "going with father," does
she not share her little boy's happiness, and
is not her love deepened by her husband's
consideration, so just, and yet too often so
extraordinary? It will keep him and you
out of places, society and temptations into
which, separately you might enter. It will
establish confidence, sympathy, esteem and
love between you. It will give you abun-
dant and very favorable opportunities to
impart instruction, to infuse and cultivate
noble principles, and to develop and
strengthen a true manhood. It will enable
him to "see the world," and to enjoy a cer-
tain liberty which may prevent that future
licentiousness which so often results from a
sudden freedom from restraint.

P. P. P. P.
PRINTING PRESSES, PULPITS AND PETTICOATS.
These are the great levers that govern
the world. Without them the bottom
would fall out, and society would become
a chaos again. The press makes people
patriotic, the pulpit religious; but woman
sways all things. There would be no going
to church if there were no girls there; nei-
ther would there be any going to war were
the soldiers to meet with no applause but
from the masculines. Without the sun-
shine shed by woman the roses of affection
would never grow, nor the flowers of elo-
quence germinate. In short, she is the en-
gine of life, the great motive power to love,
valor, civilization. In proof of this truth
all history speaks trumpet-tongued.

A young lady, on being asked what call-
ing she wished her sweetheart to follow,
blushingly replied a husbandman's.

A MORMON SERMON.
Delivered in Cincinnati, by a tall, raw-
boned Saint, with Mormon proclivities and
a face resembling boiled tripe, who was
there on his way Salt Lakeward, and had
assembled a small but admiring audience.
Very greasy, pliant and persuasive, spite of
his leanness, is
"THE KEENFUL SHEPHERD."
"Brothers and Sisters—pertickler the
sister—I want to say a few words to you
about Mormonism—not for my own sake,
but for yours; for men is *sheer* and *woomen*
is *plenty*. Mormonism is built on that
high old principle which sez that it ain't
good for a man to be alone—and a mighty
sight worse for a woman. Therefore, if a
man feels good with a little company, a
good deal of it ought to make him feel an
awful sight better.
The first principle of Mormonism is, that
woman air a good thing, and the second
principle is that you can't have too much
of a good thing. Woman is tenderer than
man, and is necessary to smooth down the
roughness of his character—and as man has
a good many rough plints in his nature, he
oughtn't to give one woman too much to do
but set each one to work smoothen some
particular pint. Don't think I'm over an-
xious for you to jine us, for I ain't. I'm not
speakin for my good, but for yours; but
men is *sheer* and *woomen* is *plenty*. I said
woman was tenderer than men, but you
needn't feel stuck up about it, for she
ought to be; she was made to a purpose, but
how was she made so? Why she was cre-
ated out of the side bone of a man, and the
side bone of a man is like the side-bone of a
turkey—the tenderest part of him. There-
fore, as a woman has three side-bones and
a man only one, of course she is three
times as tender as man is, and is in duty
bound to repay that tenderness of which
she robbed him. And how did she rob
him of his side-bone? Why, exactly as she
robs his pockets now-a-days of his loose
change—she took advantage of him when
he was asleep. But as woman is more ten-
derer than man, so is man more forgiverer
than woman; therefore I won't say anything
more about the side-bone or the small
change, but invite you all to jine my train,
for I'm a big shepherd out our way, and fare
sumptionally every day on purple and fine
linen. When I first landed on the shores
of the Great Salt Lake, I wasn't rich in
woemen. I had but one poor old yoe; but
men is *sheer* and *woomen* is *plenty*, and, like
a keeful shepherd, I began to increase my
flock. Woemen heerd of us and our lovly
ways, and they kept a pourin in. They
come from the North, and they come from
the South, they come from the East, and
they come from the West, they come from
Europe, they come from Aisher, and few
'em come from Afrikey; and from bein the
miserable owner of one old yoe, I became
their joyful shepard of a mighty flock, with
a right smart sprinklin of lambs, friskier
and fatter than anybody else's, and I've
still got room for a few more. As I said be-
fore, I'm not talkin pertickler for my bene-
fit, but for yours—for *men* is *sheer* and
woomen is *plenty*. Still I'd a leetle rather
you'd go with them than not, pertickler
you fat one with the caliker sun bonnet.
Don't hesitate, but take the chance while
you can get it, and I'll lead you through
"yee" of the flock. I'll lead you through
green pastures and the high grass—show
you where you may caper in the sunshine,
and lay down in pleasant places; and, as
you are in pretty good condition already,
in the course of time you shall be the fattest
of the flock. Jine in—jine in; jine my
train! jine it now—for *men* is *sheer* and
woomen is *plenty*. The appeal was irresist-
ible. At the last account, "the fat woman
with the caliker sun bonnet—bad 'jined in,"
and two others were on the fence, with a
decided leaning toward the "Keeful Shep-
herd."

The following, from a standard work,
throws light upon an important point:
"Some of the slaveholding States also
wished to secure to themselves the right of
importing slaves, free from any tax or du-
ty. A clause was therefore, at first inserted,
declaring that Congress should not prohibit
the importation of such persons as the
States might think proper to admit, nor
lay any tax on the persons so imported."
[Pittkin, U. S. page 261, vol 2.]
This created considerable difficulty in the
convention, and was referred to a committee
of one from a State, who reported that the
importance of such persons shall not be
prohibited prior to the year 1800, but that
not exceeding the rates on other im-
ported articles, might be levied. This re-
port was amended, extending the time to
1808, and adopted by a majority of the
States. The States in favor of allowing the
importation of slaves until 1808, were New
Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut,
Maryland, North Carolina, South Carolina
and Georgia; those against it were New Jer-
sey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Virginia.
[Cin. Eq.]

LANGUAGE OF THE FACE.—The face, be-
ing furnished with a great variety of mus-
cles, does more in manifesting our thoughts
and feelings than the whole body besides,
so far as silent language is concerned. The
change of color shows anger by redness,
fear by paleness, and shame by blushes—
every feature contributes its portion. The
mouth open shows one state of mind; closed,
another; and gnashing the teeth, another.
The forehead smooth and eye brows easily
arched, exhibits joy or tranquility; mirch
opens the mouth toward the ears, crinkles the
nose, half-closes the eyes, and some times
sweats them with tears; the front wrinkles
into frowns, and the eye-brows over-hang-
ing the eyes, like clouds fraught with tem-
pests, shows a mind agitated with pity, or
writhing under the influence of hate.

Lord Lyons in a recent letter home
declared that it was "the policy of the party
in power to prolong the war." He declared
just the plain truth.
Kossuth lives near Turin, poor and
worn, and his wife in consumption. Gar-
ibaldi is on his island farm at Caprera, lame,
but cheerful, with an income of \$600.

A Beautiful figure.
Life is beautifully compared to a foun-
tain fed by a thousand streams, that perish
if one be dried. It is a silver cord, twisted
with a thousand strings, and part asunder
if one be broken.—Frail and thoughtless
mortals are surrounded by innumerable
dangers which make it much more strange
that they escape so long than that they al-
most all perish suddenly at last. We are
encompassed with accidents every day to
crush the mouldering tenements we inhabit.
The seeds of disease are planted in our
constitutions by nature. The earth and atmos-
phere, whence we draw the breath of life,
are impregnated with death. Health is
made to operate its own destruction, the
food that nourishes containing the elements
of decay; the soul that animates it, by viv-
ifying first, tends to wear it out by its own
action, death lurks in ambush along the
paths. Notwithstanding this is the truth,
so palpably confirmed by the daily exam-
ples before our eyes, how little do we lay it
at heart! We see our friends and neigh-
bors die among us; but how seldom does it
occur to our thoughts that our knell shall,
perhaps, give the next fruitless warning to
the world.

Administration Democrats.
The following, from the Newton (N. C.)
Herald, hits the nail right on the head,
where every bogus Democrat ought to
hit:
"We are at a loss to distinguish between
the 'Administration Democrats' of our
country and out-and-out Abolitionists, un-
less it be this: that the Abolitionists have
had the malice not to endorse the Ad-
ministration until it came square up to their
idea of right and wrong; while these 'Ad-
ministration Democrats' endorse it, no mat-
ter whether right or wrong. Of the two,
the Abolitionists are by far the most respect-
able, because they will not approve what
they profess to believe wrong' while these
men approve by their acts what they *know*
and sometimes admit to be wrong."

A locomotive engine will carry 200 tons
at a cost of fuel scarcely exceeding the cost
of corn and hay which a pack mule con-
sumes, before the locomotive was invented,
in conveying a load of three hundred weight
an equal distance. The same difference of
cost would be saved the community by
using steam engines upon city railroads in-
stead of horses, and every saving of cost is
so much capital set free to employ more la-
bor, and add to the general accumulation
of wealth.
Rev. Dr. Tying, in a late sermon,
says:
"The African race is the embodiment of
the highest type of humanity, and that as
the emotions are superior to the intellect, so
is the African the superior of the Caucasian."
If Dr. Tying's congregation believe their
pastor is neither crazy nor a fool, we think
they ought to be consistent, to allow the
"superior" negro to possess at least equal
social and religious honors with the whites.
What right has the "inferior Caucasian" to
push the "superior African" into back seats
at those altars where his nature stands near-
est allied to Deity. Unfortunately for this
theory of this Reverend fool, the African,
unless taught by the white race, never dis-
covered even the existence of God. Unless
saved from his own mental and moral dark-
ness by the white man, he worships snakes.
—Day Book.

Unconditional Unionism.
The favorite expression of the Republi-
cans now-a-days is that they are for the
Union without a why or a wherefore. A
leader of this party is Senator Wilson, of
Massachusetts. He regards himself as a
thorough man *par excellence*. In a speech de-
livered a short time ago he uttered the fol-
lowing sentiment which illustrates his idea
of Unionism:
"This extra anxiety about the Union is
the merest cant. This country is sick of it.
The sad fate of the chiefs of this Union cry
for the past three years must convince even
the member of Wilbraham that this sitting
up with the Union does not pay expenses."

Concentrated Potatoes.
At a factory in Portland, Maine, nearly
one thousand bushels of potatoes are "con-
centrated" for the army every day. All
the water is absorbed, leaving about five
pounds of nutriment to the sixty pounds,
which a bushel of potatoes averages, and
that concentration is ground up, giving it
the appearance of Indian meal. It is
cooked by returning the water to it in a
boiling state, and keeping it hot from ten
to fifteen minutes, when it swells like starch
and assumes the appearance of potatoes
prepared for the table.

"Golly Ise Free!"
On Thursday, about nine o'clock, parties
around the round house were startled by a
loud cry—"Golly Ise free—dey don't get
me again." A search revealed a sable son
of Africa, clad in blue shoddy, armed with
a Springfield rifle and fixed bayonet, and all
the panoply of an American soldier.
When he had recovered his breath and
had time to answer the numerous questions
of his curious fellow countrymen, he told
them that when he enlisted, the colonel
promised him all sorts of good things, "but,"
added he, pathetically, "when dey got me
in de barracks I found dat I was no better
den a white, and so I left—and here goes
for Chatham."—Windsor C. W. Record.

Rose in the Window.
Put a rose in the window. If you are in
grief, the care and the pleasure of attend-
ing to its daily wants will lead your thoughts
from their darkness into the light as gentle-
ness and beauty. If you are happy, it will
be greater joy to watch the unfolding bloss-
oms; if innocence attend your footsteps,
you will hold sweet communion with the
emblem of innocence.
A young lady should take heed when an
admirer bends low before her. The bent
bean is dangerous.
Keep your temper in disputes. The cool
hammer fashions the red hot iron to any
shape needed.

Washington Under the Reign of
Father Abraham.
We hear much about Washington in the
Abolition press, since New England Piety
and Shoddy have driven out Southern so-
ciety. And the exclamation is "Oh how
Washington has changed—how charming a
city it is now!" etc.
To give the people a little insight into
the morals of that city since the advent of
Abolitionism, we publish the following
whereas and resolution, taken from the
Washington Star, of November 15, and
which was introduced into the City Council:
"In the Common Council last night Mr.
Utermehle introduced the following resolu-
tion:
Whereas, The experience of this city has
demonstrated that bawdy and gambling
houses cannot be successfully prohibited,
and that the experience of other cities has
equally demonstrated that under a proper
license and particular police surveillance the
evil may be in a measure obviated and re-
medied; Therefore

Resolved, That the joint committee re-
cently appointed to suggest amendments to
the charter, be, and they are hereby, re-
quested to incorporate in the proposed
amendments giving to the corporation the
right, power and authority to tax, license
and regulate bawdy and gambling houses.

GUARD AGAINST VULGAR LANGUAGE.—
There is much connection between the
words and thoughts, as there is between the
thoughts and actions. The latter are not
only the expression of the former, but they
have a power to react upon the soul and
leave the stain of their corruption there.
A young man who allows himself to utter
one vulgar or profane word, has not only
shown that there is a foul spot in his mind,
but by the utterance of that word he ex-
tends that spot and inflames it till, by in-
dulgence, it will pollute and ruin the
whole soul. Be careful of your words as
well as your thoughts. If you can control
the tongue so that no improper words are
pronounced by it, you will soon be able
also, to control the mind, and save that
from corruption. You extinguish the fire
by smothering it, or by preventing bad
thoughts from bursting out into language.
Never utter a word anywhere which you
would be ashamed to speak in the presence
of the most refined female, or the most re-
ligious man. Try this practice a little
while, and you will soon have command of
yourself.

It is well to put on record the fact
that Senator Trumbull, we believe it was,
some Republican at all events, in a speech
in Chicago at the time of the excitement
about suppressing the *Times*, of that city, by
General Burnside, said:

"Although it may not enhance the esti-
mate many of you have of me, I will say
that I have taken in my house for two years
an Abolition paper which had for the motto
at its head these words: 'The Constitution
and the Union are a covenant with death
and a league with hell!' (Derisive laughter.)
And I will say farther that Abraham Lincoln,
to my certain knowledge, has taken that paper
and read it. (Laughter.) Yet nobody
thought of accusing me of treason, and I
never was called to an account for it by any
of my Republican friends who came to my
house."

Robert J. Walker, in 1856, said:—
"If my voice could ever reach the Republi-
can party, I would say, re-assemble your
convention, re-nominate your candidates, if
you please, elect them if you can, take all
the spoils, but tear down your African plat-
form ere you endorse it at the polls and give
to the South a perfect justification for with-
drawing from the Union."

MARKS OF A GENTLEMAN.—No man is a
gentleman, who, without cause, would treat
with incivility the humblest of his species.
It is vulgarity for which no accomplishments
of dress or address can ever atone. Show
me the man who desires to make every one
happy around him, and whose greatest
solicitude is never to give just cause of
offense to any one, and I will show you a
gentleman by nature and by practice, though
he may never have worn a suit of broad-
cloth, nor even heard of a lexicon. I am
proud to say, for the honor of our species,
there are men, in every throb of whose heart
there is solicitude for the welfare of man-
kind, and whose every breath is perfumed
with kindness.

Mrs. Jeff. Davis.
A recent visitor at Richmond says that
Mrs. Jeff. Davis dresses very plainly, and
usually walks when she goes out. When
she does ride it is in a plain carriage,
drawn by two horses and driven by a negro,
who is by far the most consequential per-
sonage of the two.—She has had many rich
dresses and some superb articles of jewelry
sent to her by the friends of Jeff. Davis in
Europe; but these she seldom wears, except
upon state occasions.—She very rarely goes
to places of amusement, but is always seen
with her husband at church.

None but Abolition Soldiers Wanted.
"We want no soldiers under our banner whose
sentiments are similar to those of Mr. Justice
Woodward."—Philadelphia Press.

Mr. Justice Woodward agrees in views
with Gen. McClellan, as testified to by the
latter.—We hope the abolitionists will get
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